

University Review

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Contributors

Russ Albright whose work is frequently featured in the University Review is the CSUS pharmacist.

Mike Cospers is a graphic design senior at CSUS and a frequent editorial cartoonist for the State Hornet, and today's cover artwork is his fifth for the UR.

Laurie Ferns lives in the 95819 zip code.

Kent W. Leslie is a journalism major and regular contributor to the University Review.

Edward Paul is a pseudonym for a love-struck, undeclared sophomore and a Desmond Dorm rat.

Rich Phelps is a CSUS Library assistant.

Douglas Plazak wrote a story. We printed it.

PNA is a pseudonym. We don't know who she is.

Jackson Prescott Jr. is a pseudonym for a writer who refuses to take responsibility for his writing.

T.J. Salsman will be graduating with a business degree in December. He is currently the State Hornet photography editor.

Nicholas Aaron Webster wrote a poem. We liked it, so we put it in the University Review.

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The Destruction

by Laurie Ferns

My God has caught hold of me
By the root rod metal of my mind
I'm on my knees and staring
Into His vast eyes, as His do into mine
Ours a rallying trance unbroken
I've been no still handed, livid virgin
With wide silver hair clip
Downcast gaze, half-used brain—
I bear my babies under
The jaggy knife's edge, cut through
Blazing bloody red and wide awake
My body flies away while
My soul sticks and stays.

I'm serene in my intoxication
I have not know bad sex
Fences seldom stop my run
Not even my own death—
My God has set me free.
For owning the luxury of
My God's fixed look
I live tense as glass
I scorch inside for my Master
The only price for His merciless grace:
I've given Him my voice.
I can sing for Him like an angel
But I cannot speak a word.

Special Delivery!

by Russ Albright

Howie grabbed the end of the ratchet wrench and threw his weight into it. His twenty extra pounds did the trick as James watched the lug break loose and edge several degrees before freeing completely and slipping another 60 degrees. Both were surprised by the spray of red that flashed around the cowl. It seemed a long while before Howie dropped the wrench, yelled and grabbed his arm. When the lug released, Howie's arm had moved into the radius of the fan and the blade sliced into the flesh of his tricep. James's eyes grew large and his contribution to the drama was to flash his lunch onto the garage floor. This occurred about the same time Howie's brain registered the pain of the gash in the quick of his nerve endings. He screamed and ran from the garage holding his bloody arm, with blood liberally spurting between his fingers.

His panic-stricken run ended in front of the drug-store where I had just been stacking the evening papers

into the rack. He was running toward me and I saw the blood streaming from his arm. I grabbed him and pulled him into the store past some horrified customers and into the back room where I applied a tourniquet. I yelled to Bill to bring the deliver van around to the back door while I cleaned away some of the blood to see if there was any other first aid I could apply before running him to the emergency room. The only thing I could do was break an ammonia ampule and wave it under Howie's nose to keep him from passing out. I heard the honk at the back door and rushed the injured teen to the van.

The surgical team at emergency closed the wound with sixteen stitches and administered the tetanus and antibiotic shots. They bandaged Howie and returned him to my care.

I had been trying to reach his parents meanwhile, but the phone was busy. (This incident occurred before the laws required parental consent for emergency treatment

to someone under eighteen years of age.) I decided to give Howie a ride home in the van. All the way to his house I was reviewing different scenarios to decide which would be the best way to present Howie to his parents without too great an initial shock. He related to me what had happened when he was helping James with his car so I had all the information for his folks. I didn't want to frighten them too badly when I presented their shocky, pasty looking son to them with all that bandaging covering his shoulder and arm. I felt I was prepared to ease their shock by meeting them alone at the door, explaining the situation and easing their minds before they actually viewed their son.

I made just one mistake. One look at me with the mention of their son's name and Howie's mom promptly turned white and passed out. It seems, during the course of my ministrations to young Howie, he had bled profusely all over the starched white pharmacy coat which I still wore!

Vanessa on my Mind

by Edward Paul

I wish I had the chance...
to say hi.
to talk with you.
to share my life with you.
to learn about you.
for you to learn about me.
But I don't
I scuffle my feet,
I look away
when you look towards me.
Maybe I'll never have the guts
to say I like your eyes,
your laugh,
your voice
your smile
or even to say hi.
(My loss)
So I must long from afar...
...for now.

The Surgeon

by Nicholas Aaron Webster

Thinking literally, I
Insert a gleaming scalpel
Into your mapped chest,
The weak skin no match
To the precision of cold steel.
I part the lid from the chest,
The ribs,
Like jail bars,
Are a prison that selfishly cages
The beating treasure hiding inside—
The heart of man.
I gaze upon your curves
And lift you in a gloved embrace,
Shouting in romantic, childish delight:

O lovely heart,
Twitching and dripping
Of this cruel, red slobber,
Why does your lover
Beat and molest you?
If you would be
My heart truest,
I would shower you

With kisses,
Red roses place
Beside your pillow,
Hug your body
With arms
Loving and bold,
Stab ghastly, judgmental Nurses
With my scalpel (now broad and courageous).
On your essence
I would feast
Three meals a day,
Make love to you
Every night
(at least once)
Until the sun
Is drown by my Tears
Mourning your death
At which time I must
Place you (as is proper)
Into this coffinous chest—
That abusive madman
Reposing on the cold table.

Fear is thrown out

by Douglas Plazak

I hated Jack Ryan, I mean, I really loathed him. I despised him with the unbridled rage of a dozen Krakatoas exploding. I detested him with the venomous acrimony of a thousand lovers scorned. Well...maybe I didn't dislike Jack Ryan that much, but he certainly wasn't on my Christmas card list.

As one of the greatest fastball pitchers the Major Leagues had ever known, Ryan was the only hurler I had faced during my short career with the Oakland Oak's who regularly made me long to find gainful employment as fry cook at Arby's rather than face another 98 mph heater.

Nicknamed "Jumpin' Jack Flash" (because he threw gas, gas, gas), Ryan had fanned me nine times in my nine trips to the plate against the burly righthander from Irving, Texas.

His mastery over me had reached the point where I felt lucky just to dribble a weak foul ball down the third base line. And as I stepped into the batter's box to

duel once again with the Texas Ranger's ace starter, I felt a jolt of nausea shoot through my body with the rapidity of the Oakland Colosseum fans performing the "wave."

I was already sweating buckets by the time the ninth inning had rolled around on this muggy Saturday afternoon. The dog days of August had descended upon Oakland, drenching my face and uniform with a sticky, slobbery film that caused me to resemble an extra from the cast of "Turner & Hootch."

The scorching heat, however, was the last thing on my mind as I stared in against Ryan with the score knotted at two runs apiece. I had broken my last, custom-ordered bat in the sixth inning on a vicious fastball thrown in high and tight. My precious club was sawed off

clean at the handle, leaving me with nothing more than a toothpick in my hands and the embarrassment of the bat head flying father than the ball. More importantly, with the Louisville Slugger Co. failing to deliver my shipment the previous day, I was forced to turn to the generosity of others, namely out-

fielder Jose Alvarez.

Now I should have known that something was terribly, terribly wrong when the muscular right-

fielder seemed so hesitant to let me borrow his equipment. I could understand his reluctance. Personally, I would want to use another player's bat with the same unquenchable desire that I would want to borrow another player's toothbrush. Still, after combing through the clubhouse bat-rack, I concluded that nobody else's weapon had the "feel" that I was searching for.

Jose's stick was 36 inches long, a good three inches longer than the bat I generally used, yet I could whip it around like a conductor's baton. Although once again I should have suspected that something was terribly, terribly wrong by its unusual lightness, I just chalked up my effortless swing to the bat's thin, shaved handle.

Right.

"Fastball, low and away," my brain sounded as the ball disappeared into the catcher's glove. The umpire rung up strike one, but it was a pitcher's pitch just grazing the black of the plate. I knew Ryan was going to try keep working the outside corner of the dish, throwing each successive offering just a little more outside until I started swinging at a ball headed for first base dugout. I began to hate Ryan more than ever.

The next pitch was hard and outside, but belt high. Taking a vicious cut, I

"(Jack) Ryan had fanned me nine times in my nine trips to the plate against the burly righthander from Irving, Texas."

See **Thrown**, p. 7

Go Forth and Strike Fear Into Their Hearts

by Jackson Prescott Jr.

Part 1

I'm visiting friends in Philadelphia for the weekend, and I'm stuck at their place on Sunday morning with the mother of all headaches and a need for cruelty. There's this annoying ad for Staples office supply store on TV. I call up directory assistance, get their number, and give 'em a buzz.

"Hello, is this Staples?"

"Yes it is. How may I help you?"

Too eager to please.

"I was just wondering how you came up with the name of the store. I mean, you sell staples, right?"

"Yes we do. We're the one-stop off..."

"Yes, I'm sure you are, but tell me. John Wanamaker's. Do you sell Wanamakers?"

"Well, I—"

"Do you even know what a Wanamaker is?"

"I think—"

"No, of course you don't. What do you make? Minimum? Less? Christ, you sound young, had your first period yet?"

"Exc—"

"Use tampons or pads? You know if you use tampons, no guy'll believe you're a virgin. Then you'll get a reputation and you'll never get married. And—"

"I don't—"

"Excuse me. I digressed. Now tell me, you sell file cabinets, right?"

"Yes we do."

"And you sell those little mail trays you put on your desk that say 'In' and 'Out,' right?"

"Yes we do. We're the one-stop—"

"But you don't call yourself 'File cabinets,' right? I mean, that's a pretty stupid name. And you sure as hell don't call yourself 'Those little mail trays you put on your desk that say 'In' and 'Out,' ' right? I mean, that name really sucks."

"Why, why are—"

"All right, follow me here. What does a supermarket sell?"

"F-food."

"Good. Shit, you should earn more than minimum. Christ, I could have my

old man put you on the payroll down here...Shit, what was I—oh yeah, food, right? But does the supermarket call itself "Food?" Noooo. It's called a supermarket."

"I—I didn't—"

"Listen, I'd live to stay and talk to

in Miami that I can hardly remember—and I have no idea where I'm going or what to do, except that I feel really rude and obnoxious. So I'm in this video on Locust Street, the Video Library, and I start wandering around. Well in the back they've got this TCBY place,



"But you don't call yourself 'File cabinets,' right? I mean, that's a pretty stupid name. And you sure as hell don't call yourself 'Those little mail trays you put on your desk that say 'In' and 'Out,' ' right? I mean, that name really sucks."

you longer, but I gotta go do something to my dog. You understand."

"Waaahhhhh..."

So it wasn't such a bad day after all.

Part 2

I'm still in this really strange mood, wandering around Philadelphia—I've never even been on the East Coast before outside of a wild weekend

which ostensibly stands for The Country's Best Yogurt. So right away, I'm pissed off again. I mean, how hip can yogurt be that they need initials? BK, KFC, Mickey-D's, these are relatively cool, but TCBY? Excuse me, I don't think so. There is nothing more pathetic than when something truly unhip struggles futilely to capture a bit of what they feel they're missing out on. I mean, what's next? NKOTB? I'm

gonna scream.

So I walked over to the counter and I ask the girl how many calories could I expect to find in one of these here "Super Butt-Jammin' Colon-distendin' Yogurt cookie sandwiches" as the teenybopper behind in line calls them. Now this is basically just a wad of high-cal "premium" yogurt sandwiched between two chocolate-covered cookies. Yup, just like those movies I like. She says she doesn't know.

At this point I almost had the whole store to myself, outside of the teenybopper and her friend and these two old Spanish-speaking men in serge suit browsing through the porn section, but rather than take advantage of the situation, I noticed something out of the corner of my eye. It was a phone number—1-800-688-TCBY. They have their own information hotline. Wonderful. So I bought a yogurt sandwich, slipped the girl half a five with the number of my friends who I'm imposing on here in Philly on it (sometimes I am too sick) and got the hell out. Had a call to make.

First, I put on this insanely fake hillbilly accent, for no apparent reason.

"Hello, TCBY."

"Yeah, I've got this here problem."

"Yes?"

"Well, it's kind of hard for me to talk about. You see, it's my wife. She had her change of life not long ago and ever since, she been getting these here yeasty infections."

"I see. I don't understand how—"

"Well, Dr. Macy, he's the local G.P., he told her that yogurt was good for yeast infections..."

"Actually, he's correct. You see, the cultures in the yog—"

Great. She's reading out of some pamphlet and thinks I'll just listen to her spiel then hang up. She's wrong. Dead wrong.

"Yeah, I know, he told me all that. Only problem is, the yogurt tastes so damned bad afterwards, you can't hardly eat it. And you sure as hell don't want to be serving it to company."

See **Fear**, p. 7



Untitled/by T.J. Salsman



Jeanette/by T.J. Salsman

Man Wanted

by PNA

Must fill following descriptions:

- Doesn't view relationships in terms of competition (Does "You always win" sound familiar? If so, you need not apply.)
- Enjoys listening; not simply waiting for the other to stop talking so you can begin.
- Does not fondle lover in public or call them by pet names in front of other men to establish them as your registered trademark.
- Must already know how to dress and shop for yourself.
- Willing to take care of the birth control.
- Should know how to leave the Comet in the tub overnight so it's easier to clean (or some similar technique).
- Should know what isle to find the flour and shouldn't think twice about buying my tampons (even if your pals are there).
- Must like athletic women and can take being beaten.
- Should know how to use all the functions on a washer and dryer, and why.
- Never farts a big, loud stinker and expects me to giggle.
- Thinks Murphy Brown and Designing Women are good, funny programs.
- Tells your significant other you love them at times other than when you are blitzed.
- Doesn't faint at the sight of blood — menstrual blood, that is.

Basically, I'm looking for a man, that's looking for a woman, who wants a relationship based on mutual respect and affection. If you fit this description, and by some strange coincidence happen to be single, we definitely need to get together.

Profile of Bill "Stuff" Murray

by Rich Phelps

Bill "Stuff" Murray is not the most famous football coach of all time. He's not in anybody's Hall of Fame and, in fact, he's hardly even known here in the south forty-eight. But in Canada where, as head coach of the Calgary Congeries, he was instrumental in forging Canadian football from something inchoate and nearly amorphous into something we are dimly aware of, he is almost a household word. And the fans loved him.

To say that Bill Murray was the stuff of legends was to get it about half right. He was the most energetic and innovative coach that the Canadian football league has ever seen. Many people have said that Coach Stuff, as he was affectionately called, changed forever the way we look at Canadian football and, ultimately, the way we look at Canadian life.

Others have claimed that Canada has never quite recovered from the thought that their country had spawned this man who they thought as a national embarrassment. You either loved him or you wanted to tear out his heart and throw it to the dogs. Once, when Stuff was apprised of the way the public reacted to him, he replied without missing a beat, "Love me, love my dog." What choice did a fan have but to love it?

Stuff had the kind of physical presence that some people found hard to handle. If you happened to see him on the street and you didn't know who he was, (i.e., you weren't a fan) you would probably say to yourself, Who is this fat, manic slob with the busy hands and the overactive pituitary? He had this incredibly high-volume, booming voice and he was always talking. When he walked into a room, that room stayed walked into. His voice seemed to drill its way into your cranium and resonate there in harmony with some sympathetic aural frequency until you were ready to

confess to anything. When Stuff walked into a room, people would instinctively distribute themselves as far away as possible from that voice, which wasn't always easy because Stuff was very agile for a big man and always on the move.

During a game, he would pace the sidelines with an incredible intensity. But stalking in front of his own bench was

never enough for Stuff. He would actually pace all the way around the field right through the opposing team's bench, pushing people aside and talking at the top of his voice. Heightening the effect of this breach of field etiquette was his pre-hightech practice of wearing earphones with a long extension cord that some lackey relative of his had to carry along as he strode ala Lew Holtz or, as Lew Holtz would say, ala Stuff.

Why this is so much in the Stuff mode is because those earphones, so-called, were not actually in communication with anyone. They were actually earmuffs. But in Stuff's far seeing vision, they became another weapon in the psychological warfare he was constantly waging with the opposing team. Stuff, of course, was legally deaf due to his years of talking at an unhealthy level of volume. Nevertheless, the fans loved and yelled even louder.

Even though this was long before the dawn of ecological awareness, Stuff was looking for ways to change the game to fit the ecology of his bioregion. Long before the NFL started experimenting with astroturf, Stuff had to experimented with various turfs of his own.

He came up with the idea of permafrost turf, which is in abundant supply in northern Canada and this proved to be quite popular with the fans. On permafrost, football became something like a cross between ice hockey and polar bear wrestling. You may well

imagine what emotion the fans responded to in the case of this innovation - love.

Stuff was the righteous enemy of the average. He cared only for the highest number of yards gained or points scored in the shortest number of minutes. Nor could he tolerate average-sized players. He was the first coach that really emphasized big players: not just in the usual big player positions like the offensive and defensive line, but in every position. He didn't care how fast the player was, or how agile, or how athletic, his first thought was, "How big is he!"

He loved having 300 pounds quarterbacks. Nothing pleased him more than watching the spectacle of this mammoth leader of the team dropping back rather slowly for a pass, leaving ample time for defensive lineman to catch him for the sack and then savoring their feeble attempt to get this giant down. (We are talking about a time when most of the defensive lineman were rather small by today's standards. Historical note: even the Congeries Cheerleaders were larger than opposing lineman. See below.) Imagine how much clock could be used up by such a play in the years before the "caught in the grasp" rule came into play. You

face his three horsemen in the backfield. Since he was a rather broad backed and butted fellow, the opposing team could not be exactly sure what was going on back there.

Well, what was going on was they were "hiding the salami." Since all of them were these big fat fellows with rolls of the stuff hanging off their bodies, there was plenty of room in the tuck and folds to put that pigskin where the sun don't shine. Then they'd all turn around and head straight up the field, two arms free (since the football was well protected in a fat fold somewhere) ready to deliver to anyone who should dare another of Stuff's greatest innovations: the two-arm straight arm. Put yourself in the place of a Congeries fan.

There was a dark side to his will to win. Sad to say, but he was probably the first coach in history, after the Pythagoreans in southern Italy, to encourage, if not insist that his players experiment with performance-enhancing drugs. (He was advocated taking the next step from crosstraining to crossbreeding, but that's another story. See "Globe and Mail," Dec. 12, 1929, "Canadian Coach-Lysenko in Shoulder Pads?"

It must be kept in mind that this was long before our present substance-abuse

"Since all of them were these big fat fellows with rolls of the stuff hanging off their bodies, there was plenty of room in the tuck and folds to put that pigskin where the sun don't shine. Then they'd all turn around and head straight up the field, two arms free (since the football was well protected in a fat fold somewhere)..."

would've also been amazed at how lovingly the fans reacted.

Stuff wasn't prone to the technical type thinking that goes on in today's coaching circles. But he had a certain modus whathellus. One play in particular that will probably never be forgotten was what Stuff dubbed "hide the salami." In this play, the quarterback received the ball and turned around to

sophistication. We know now that screw drivers, that is, vodka-orange juice blends, do not enhanced athletic performance. He soon found out that marijuana should not be the drug of choice for aspiring violent athletes. For a stoned team, every play was an opportunity for very many players on the field to lie

See Profile, p. 7

Profile, from p.6

around sinuously exploring their wounds. When the Congeries were at their best was when Stuff scored some of the better pain-relieving drugs of the time. Especially on the permafrost.

While Stuff was certainly a man among men in a manly sport, he was not averse

to the feminine presence on the field. He thought having mature women on the field doing energetic routines to cheer the crowd along was actually just one more stimulant for his team. Stuff's tastes ran more to the big beautiful woman type; and since he was from the Calgary region, it's not surprising that what he came up with was

a contingent of stalwart, big-boned Ukrainian-Canadian women whom he christened the Babushkettes.

What they lacked in lithe grace and subtle dance steps, they more than made up for in colorful head handkerchiefs, homespun dresses, workmanlike boots and legendary cheers cum bellows.

There was even a film made about them and the team by the revolutionary Quebecoise director Henri Entoiface entitled "Les Babes et Les Betes." This film, which is a cult classic in Canada, proved to be very inspirational in Stuff's greatest triumph—the Congeries march to victory in the 1931 Canadian Total Excitement Bowl.

Thrown, from p.3

crushed the ball just a millisecond late and watched with frustration as the horsehide curled foul down the first base line. Ryan had me down 0-2, but I felt that I had timed the last pitch. I was ready for anything he could throw me.

Ryan elected to challenge me with another high fastball, but this time he let it stray just tad too close to the middle of the plate. Eyeing the meaty pitch, I let my bat fly...and then it happened. It would be a cliché to describe the explosion

as similar to that of a howitzer ripping up the sky, but that would most exact.

Suddenly, the Colosseum seemed like Crissey Field on the Fourth of July as millions of tiny chunks of superball burst out of my bat in one spectacular spasm and began raining down on the infield like some freak hailstorm, pummeling Ryan with marble sized nuggets of rubber.

I saw the battered ball loop over the shortstop's head and skid into left field, but I was too dumbfounded to run—my only reaction being a frozen look of

abject horror etched on my perplexed face. Snapping out of my stupor, I jogged down to first base and watched first base

"I saw the battered ball loop over the shortstop's head and skid into left field..."

coach Marty Torrez bury his head in his hands.

Standing on the bag, I took a quick peek into our dugout and saw Oak manager Frank Hornburger on the top step with sickest looking expression I had

ever seen. He appeared as if he had just swallowed an entire plug of Copenhagen, and for that matter, maybe he had.

Worst of all, I looked toward the home plate where I saw one million superball pellets hopping merrily along like sadistic Mexican jumping beans. I guess it was too much to hope that no one would notice.

It was about this time that the umpire gleaned the shattered corpse from the infield diamond and held it up for close inspection. Seeing miniscule fragments of superball still cascading from the hollow core

like a sputtering Roman Candle, it took him about 1/10th of a second to throw my out of the game for using a corked bat. I didn't even argue my case as I left the field and resignedly sauntered through the stadium tunnel leading to the clubhouse.

And despite the humiliation of being ejected and the fact that I was facing a hefty fine for using tampered equipment, only one thought was echoing through my mind as I began to undress in front of my locker.

Boy, I really hated Jack Ryan now.

Fear, from p.4

Y'oughta see em, pickin' little hairs out the bowl, out their teeth. Me and the wife, we just sit back and laugh. Well, I laugh. The wife can't laugh too hard or she lose her undergarments. Walking ain't something she real good at, neither. But you know, I ain't had so much fun under the covers since, well, since I don't know when. Yeah, she some kind a woman. Hello? Hello??

"Bluurrt-snorrrt-glurrgle."

Yeah, it was shaping up to be a great day, and only 11 a.m. so far.

Part 3

I'm back at Mark and Linda's new-age temple of bizarre kitsch, where I'm staying for my little three day tryst in Philadelphia, watching TV because they all had "stuff to do." On a Sunday afternoon. Yeah, right.

As luck would have it, there's a commercial on TV that I hate (although I seem to hate all commercials today, it's just this weird mood I'm

in), where this guy is debating on whether or not to buy an engagement ring for his girlfriend. At the end they allude to a "Diamond Council of America" and some mysterious "two month salary guideline." I look in the yellow pages and find the number for Robbin's Eighth and Walnut, who have their own annoying commercials ("Robbin's Eighth and Walnut. Our name is our address.") Some guy answers the phone and he's way too cherry. I am sickened; so sickened now.

"Robbin's Eighth and Walnut. May I help you?"

"Yeah, I was wondering. I've been hearing about this 'two month salary guideline.' The commercial said you could explain it to me."

"It's actually just what it says. Calculate how much you would earn in two months and that's a good guideline to use in deciding how much you want to spend on a ring."

"That's it?"

"That's all there is to it."

"No. There's gotta be more to it than that. Why would they tell me to

ask you to explain it to me if that's all there is to it?"

"It's only a commercial."

"It's fucking patronizing, you fuck. So wait a minute, I'm making \$3.50 an hour—that's 140 a week, four weeks in a month. Yeah, some months I get three paychecks. What do you know about that, MR. DIAMOND COUNCIL OF A-FUCKING-MERIFUCKING-CA?!!!"

"It's only a guide—"

"No. This is starting to really bother me. Now February only has 28 days. Shit, I forgot leap years. Fuck. Well, screw it. In a normal year I'd get paid four times in February. That's 140 a week times four—that's 560 a month—times that by two and that's 1120. Eleven hundred and twenty dollars to buy my girl a ring. But if I take two Julys—I got five paychecks this July—that's five times 140 is 700 times that by two is 1400 that's 280 more than the first way. Now what do you have to say to that, Mr. Diamond Council of America smarty fucking pants?!"

"I don't have to take this abuse."

"No, I think you *do*. No you, you probably make a lot more money than me. Hey, that's cool. I got no beef with that. But that means that when you times *your* salary by two months you're gonna be buying *your* girl a way better ring than me. Now I don't fucking think I like that very much. Do *I* love my girl less than you? I don't think so. So how come *my* girl has to walk around with some piece of shit eleven hundred fourteen in a leap year ring when *your* girl has some big ole rock on her finger?! How do you think that's gonna make my girl feel? Well? Well? Answer me, you fuck!"

"I-I'll let you talk to my manager."

"Hello, what seems to be the trouble?"

"I just didn't like the tone of voice that other guy was using."

"Of course, sir. We've had problems with him in the past. It will be taken care of, I promise you."

"Thanks."

Click.

Philadelphia wasn't as boring I originally thought it would be.

Kent W.
Leslie
presents

RABBIT ANGST

